This book is for all of us—everyone who has been beaten down and exploited by a system designed to trap you from the moment you're born and only let you escape in death. I'm not writing this to frustrate you, the reader, but to pull back the curtain and show you the invisible walls around you. Walls that serve one purpose: to keep you poor and to keep you working. Most people don't want to admit they're poor, and some of us do have it easier than others. But there are many who have no way out, who've been treated as less than human from the day they were born.This book is for them. For the people who already know the game is rigged because they've felt it every single day of their lives. For those who've been told their suffering is their own fault, that their choices are the reason they're stuck. But I'm here to tell you that's a lie. Your choices had almost no say in your fate because the system was built to make sure of it.The majority of us have been trapped in this cycle for so long that we either ignore it or convince ourselves it doesn't exist. The goal of this book is to expose the truth: that almost every part of society is designed for one purpose—to serve the desires of a few people who are never held accountable for what they take. You were born to serve them, every waking hour, to give them everything you're worth without ever knowing that you're a victim of more than just bad luck or bad decisions. For the very few born into the grip of the middle-class poor who manage to feel true freedom, this book is also for you—to remind you how rare and fragile that freedom really is. For the rest of us, it's time to take a hard look at the chains we've been told to ignore. That's what this book is about: seeing the truth, even if it hurts, and understanding that the system was never built to save you—it was built to use you.

Since the beginning of human assembly, there has been class and with it, division. From the earliest tribes, someone figured out how to convince others that their role was to labor, to sacrifice, to carry the weight of existence while a select few lived without lifting a finger. How else could this imbalance be justified? Enter religion. Enter hell. Enter the promise of hope, dangled just out of reach, a reward for enduring suffering. Be a good person, they said. Believe in something greater than yourself, they said. And above all, serve your purpose.

But whose purpose were you really serving? Not your own. Not some divine creator's. No, it was the purpose of the ones furthest from the ideals they claimed to uphold. The same ones who ensured you couldn't read what they wrote, couldn't question what they preached. That's why their sacred texts had to be rewritten, retranslated, and reinterpreted thousands

of times—100 different ways, each conveniently aligned with their desires. Because what better way to control people than to say, *God wants it this way*?

And so, religions multiplied, fractured, and spread. Each one serving as a tool for someone, somewhere, to say, *I would help, but God doesn't like me doing that. See, I'm different. I'm chosen. I'm right, and you're wrong.* The Bible, the Quran, a burning bush—whatever the justification, it all boiled down to the same thing: control. Control dressed up as morality, wrapped in faith, and handed to the masses as their guiding light, all while the ones at the top enjoyed the fruits of their labor, free from the burdens they so eagerly passed down.

This is your role in society, whether you choose to believe it or not. It's the raw, unfiltered truth, laid bare for anyone willing to face it. If you think I'm wrong, then by all means explain how. Show me where this system doesn't profit off your struggle, off your survival, and off your sacrifice. Show me how it's designed to help you instead of exploit you. Until then, let's dive into what they don't want you to see.

Only in our society are you expected to donate your paid time off to a coworker with cancer because they've run out of hours trying to stay alive just so they can get better in order to keep working. Of course, your company could cover this cost with almost no impact to their bottom line. They plan for this, even budgeting for how many workers will get terminal illnesses per year, because replacing people costs money. But instead of doing the decent thing, they rely on your goodwill to spare them the expense. You, not them, are asked to make a sacrifice for someone who has given 20-plus years of their life to the company someone they've already deemed expendable. In their mind, this coworker has reached the end of their usefulness, so why should they care if the cancer kills them? That's your problem now, not theirs.

Only in our society do you have to go to work to pay for health insurance. You have to pay them so that, if you get hurt or sick, they'll help get you better only for you to return to the same job that broke your body in the first place. This isn't about care; it's about keeping you alive just enough so you can keep showing up. And God forbid you take too long to recover. Don't forget your kid still needs a Christmas present under the tree and you need that money to provide the for only the few people you can't let down , and you can't afford to miss another paycheck. They know you need it. And that's why you'll do whatever they say to get it.

Only in our society do you have to pay a subscription to brush your teeth. Buy the toothbrush, and it won't come with a charger. When the battery inevitably dies, the electric portion stops working, forcing you to pay monthly to keep your teeth clean. It's no longer

enough to simply own a toothbrush. Brushing your teeth has been taken out of reach for many people, made into another luxury you're forced to rent. Because if you can't afford the subscription, your teeth will rot, leading to expensive dental work. I'm talking to you QUIPT you awful bastards. Talk about having the balls to profit off of people trying to keep their mouth clean so we don't have to make you uncomfortable when us poor are near you. That's truly a luxury the wealthy shouldn't exploit from the poor.

Oh yeh as for the expensive dental work since you didn't fork over the extra 9.99 every month....when that day comes, you'll discover the money you've been paying for dental insurance won't cover what's wrong with your teeth—or will barely make a dent. Because, of course, the insurance company wants your premiums, but they sure as hell don't want to pay you back. And if you can't afford the bill, well, guess what? Now you get to sign up for a dental credit card to pay it off. And when you finally manage to pay it down, you'll find out they've tacked on fees or penalties, messing up your credit score.

Suddenly, you can't qualify for a reliable vehicle to get to work, but too bad—because society doesn't care. You're lucky to work for them at all. Stand up for yourself? Question any of this insanity? Too bad. That's not part of the deal. Keep your head down, go to work, and thank them for the scraps, because if you don't, your family might go hungry. And that's the system they've built— one that runs on the idea that you'll sacrifice anything to survive because they refuse to.

Only in our society do they purposely drag out your disability claims for years, leaving you unpaid the entire time, hoping you'll be forced to find work just to survive. And in their minds, there's an even better outcome: that you don't survive at all. That you can't afford to live, can't afford care, and eventually give up altogether. Because when you die, that's one less person they have to pay—a person they've already deemed unworthy because you're no longer physically able to serve their interests. To them, you're just a line item on a spreadsheet, a cost they're more than happy to erase. And that funding? It's constantly being slashed by the government. Disability programs, social security, anything that's meant to help people survive—that's always the first place they cut. Why?

Because they can. And they know you'll let them, because you voted for it without even realizing it. Insert Democrat or Republican candidate here—it doesn't matter. The parties are just distractions, designed to keep you divided and too busy arguing to notice what's really happening.

What they hope you won't see is this: every time they "tighten the budget," you give up just a little more of your hard-earned social security. They take it and funnel it into whatever

benefits them most—campaign funds, lobbyist deals, corporate handouts. And they'll keep doing it because you're the one footing the bill while they sit comfortably, getting reelected to keep not doing a damn thing for you.

One would think the mental health crisis would've been addressed long before now. The truth is, it *was*—just not in the way you think. Their solution wasn't to help; it was to contain. To shove people like you and me into the shadows—out of sight, out of mind. Homeless, jobless, discarded. Or worse, locked away in some sterile institution so they could forget we ever existed. Oh, wait—they still do that.

The problem for them arose when there were too many of us—too many minds buckling under the relentless weight of serving their every whim. Every email. Every extra shift. Every added
responsibility dumped on you without hesitation or care. They kept piling it on, draining every ounce of your energy so they could raise their children in peace and comfort, far removed from the chaos they created for you. They didn't want to handle real problems—they wanted you to handle them for them.

But eventually, the cracks began to show. Too many of us snapped, and suddenly, their precious workforce started slipping away. At first, they tried to contain it the way they always had: punish you. Find any infraction, no matter how small. Speeding on your way home from work? No insurance? That's enough. Suspend your license, brand you as irresponsible, and make you unsuitable for their service. And if you couldn't pay their massive fines? Jail time.

Of course, jail meant you'd miss work, which made you expendable in their eyes. But they couldn't just let you walk away unscathed. No, they had to make sure you were convicted, labeled, permanently marked as unworthy. That way, no one else would ever consider hiring you again. You became a cautionary tale—a warning to others. How dare you prioritize yourself over their system? How dare you rush home, trying to escape their grasp for just a moment?

And the real kicker? They thought they were doing you a favor. Letting you pay for that punishment, funding the very system that ensures you can't escape it. To them, you should've been honored to serve—grateful for the privilege of losing everything for their benefit.

As for our minds. They couldn't ignore it anymore, so they gave it a name: the "mental health crisis." Not because they cared, but because they had no choice. They had to spin it into something they could control, something that made them look like they gave a damn.

The truth is, they don’t care. They never did. They offer the bare minimum—the things they’re required to do or that cost them next to nothing. If they actually wanted to help, they wouldn’t sit back and watch us kill ourselves working 40 hours a week, struggling to afford a place to sleep, just so we can give every other waking hour to their needs.

So fuck them. Let’s call it what it is: they don’t want to fix us. They just want to keep us functioning enough to keep the machine running.

Credit scores are a brilliant system—as long as they aren’t yours. For you, they require perfection, a level of self-control they’d never demand of themselves. If they had to live off your pay for even a week, they’d max out their credit card within days. They can’t live like us. It’s almost laughable when one of them falls from grace and has to experience our reality, even temporarily. They break down at the thought of shopping where you shop for your family, and the last thing they’d ever do is let you see them struggle like you do.

The system is built to prey on your desire to provide, even in the smallest ways. Offering your family a modest luxury—a full tank of gas, a decent meal, a small gift—is framed as a sacrifice you can barely afford. That’s why they give you a limit, but with a catch. Don’t get too close to that limit, or they’ll punish you. They’ll lower your score, charge you more, and make it even harder for you to get by.

Why bother giving a limit at all if coming close to it means punishment? Why not just lower the limit to what they deem acceptable? Because they don’t want you to feel secure—they want you to feel weak. They want to weaponize your heart, your willingness to sacrifice for your loved ones. That one extra tank of gas for your wife so she can get to work? That’s enough for them to pounce. Now, that $10 in gas costs you $35 in fees, and your score drops. Next time, you’ll afford even less gas, but they’ll still charge you more.

You didn’t cross their line, but you came close enough for them to shove you down the stairs — punishing you for thinking you could have even a moment of peace. A moment where you could fill the tank all the way instead of scraping by with $5. That’s what they want: to keep you just close enough to hope, but never far enough from the punishment to stop being afraid.

The food service industry is a monster built to enslave the poor and addict the masses. It thrives on promoting the cheapest, most nutritionally bankrupt foods imaginable, ensuring people can scrape by just enough to keep working while their bodies slowly break down. Its design isn’t accidental—it’s intentional, engineered to extract every ounce of your energy and money while leaving you with enough health

problems to guarantee an early death, conveniently arriving before your first retirement or social security check hits your mailbox.

Over the years, private spending on food-related research and development has skyrocketed. In 2019, the food industry spent $6.3 billion on R&D, not to improve your health, but to make their products more addictive. Scientists meticulously craft the perfect combinations of sugar, fat, salt, and chemicals to hook you, all while ignoring the long-term damage to your body. Your health is collateral damage in their endless pursuit of profit. Imagine what could be done if even a single year of that spending was redirected toward something meaningful—like solving homelessness.

With $22,500 per person, that $6.3 billion could house and support over 280,000 homeless people, giving them not just a roof but access to resources and opportunities to rebuild their lives. That's half the homeless population in the United States, wiped out in a single year. But solving homelessness doesn't fatten their wallets, so they'll continue funneling billions into food designed to keep you sick, dependent, and desperate, all while people die on the streets.

Their greed is starting to backfire, though. The homeless, long ignored and shoved aside, are beginning to spread into the wealthy's carefully manicured spaces. Few things make the elite squirm more than being forced to confront the reality of the system they benefit from. The sight of a homeless person in their pristine neighborhoods shatters their illusion of control, and they'll uproot their lives and move just to avoid the discomfort of looking at someone their greed helped create.

And COVID? That was just another opportunity for the food industry to adapt its predatory schemes. With restaurants losing customers to the health conditions their own products helped cause, they pivoted to new traps: limited access, hidden surcharges, delivery fees, and endless tipping expectations. What used to be a simple meal is now a maze of extra costs, squeezing every ounce of time, convenience, and money from people already struggling.

For those working in food service, the system is relentless. The job is one of the most grueling and thankless out there. Workers endure abuse from their bosses, from customers, and from the very communities they serve. The industry thrives on creating hierarchies even among the poor, training people to judge each other instead of the system itself. Employers foster this division intentionally, ensuring that resentment and frustration are aimed downward, not upward.

Have you ever noticed how fast food chains plaster their wages and perks on giant posters for everyone to see? That's not just recruitment—it's a tactic. It's designed to invite judgment from other struggling people who look at those wages and cry out that food workers don't deserve them. It's a clever way to pit the poor against each other, keeping wages low and preventing collective action. Instead of demanding better treatment for everyone, people waste their energy tearing each other down.

This system wasn’t built by accident—it was engineered to exploit, divide, and manipulate. And those in charge wouldn’t have it any other way.

One of the main reasons I’m writing this book is to show you how corporate greed and power have infiltrated every aspect of the world we know even the non-profits we’re supposed to trust. Take, for example, those soul-crushing commercials showing mistreated animals. They’re the good guys, right? They’re the ones saving the helpless, aren’t they? Well, let me ask you this: have you ever stopped to think about how much effort goes into capturing the most heartbreaking, gut-wrenching footage of animal suffering? The answer is a lot.

These commercials aren’t some act of chance. They’re carefully orchestrated productions, often created by professionals with expensive equipment, whose sole purpose is to capture pain. They spend hours waiting for the “perfect” moment—those wide, terrified eyes, the matted fur, the subtle whimper of despair. They’re snapping photos and rolling video, not to alleviate suffering in the moment, but to exploit it. And all of this is done for one reason: so you’ll hand over your money.

Think about it. Your emotions, your compassion—your very humanity—are weaponized against you for their gain. Why? Because these organizations need money. And in order for the people running these organizations to keep their paychecks coming, they need funding. Where does that funding come from? Straight from your heart. They show you a minute-long montage of misery, amplified by tear-jerking music, and hope you’ll sign up to donate. Forever.

What’s worse, they never tell you exactly how your donation will be used. No specifics—just vague promises like “it goes to help an animal in need.” That’s it. No detailed breakdown, no transparency. Yet, they now have $30 a month automatically coming out of your bank account. Sure, they say you can cancel anytime—but only if you’re willing to jump through hoops designed to make you feel like the worst person alive for even trying.

It’s not just animals they use to pull at your heartstrings, either. Let’s talk about another famous nonprofit, one that focuses on children. Children with cancer, terminal illnesses, or heartbreaking conditions. You know the one. You’ve seen the commercials, with their sad little faces struggling to smile, and maybe you’ve even donated because the pain and hope in their eyes hit you so deeply you couldn’t say no. But here’s the thing: many of the children you see in those ads have already passed away. Their pain was filmed, edited, and marketed to ensure the maximum emotional impact all for your money.

And if you decide you need to stop donating? Well, that’s where the manipulation gets even more insidious. For this particular nonprofit, you can’t simply cancel or pause your monthly donation online. No, they don’t make it that easy. Instead, you’re redirected to a page with a 1-800 number you’re required to call. Why? Because they’re counting on one thing: shame. They’re banking on the fact that when you hear another human voice on the other end of the line, you won’t want to say the words, “I can’t keep donating to children with cancer because I need that money for myself.”

Think about that for a second. They don’t want you to stop giving, so they use guilt as a weapon. They’ve mastered the art of making you feel like your small act of self-preservation—choosing your own financial stability—somehow makes you a bad person. This is what ultimately led me to believe that nothing is untouched by their ways. Even the purest causes, the ones you hope are beyond exploitation, are molded into tools for profit.

It’s manipulative, it’s calculated, and it’s designed to prey on the best parts of your humanity. These organizations don’t just ask for your help—they bank on your guilt and compassion to keep the donations flowing.